

them and US

(warmin' up)

thosepeople know, to take a for-instance, how far it is to the sun
(in miles, that is, though they'll calculate it in inches
if you look at all interested; so don't, at least not
while I'm around, or it's a kick in the slats for YOU)

thosepeople even know what the sun's made of and they told me once
(but I forgot; freud says you never do anything you
don't mean to, so I forgot on purpose; i think
disremembered might be the word, accent on dis)

but WEPEOPLE (caps. for US: think big) know the sun in the morning
and -- man-oh-boy -- the moon at night, and that
the sun is warm and the moon is made of cheese and that
those pot-holes with the long-handled names are full of beer

WEPEOPLE know the sun is orange in the morning and red at dusk
and that the sun can make YOUR face glow -- never mind how
many minutes YOU ought to stay out in it -- when YOU get hot
YOU sit in the shade for a while: knowing that's enough

(second chorus)

thosepeople even have a way of putting water down flat on a piece
of paper (H₂O); I can't seem to disremember that. and they know
water has "certain properties," all of which I've disremembered
with no trouble at all, AND (by god!) they've harnessed it

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----

Diane Wakoski's The Magellanic Clouds, \$4 fm. Black Sparrow
Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 ¶ Peter
Wild's Love Poems, \$1 fm. Lillabulero, Krums Corners Rd.,
RD #3, Ithaca, N. Y. 14850 (also released translations of
Enrique Lihn's This Endless Malice) ¶ James Ryan Morris'
Diana's Smile, \$1 fm. Croupier Press, Box 18418, Denver,
Colo. 80218 ¶ Walt Lowenfel's edited anthology In a Time of
Revolution, \$1.95 Vintage book fm. Random House, 201 East
50th. St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 -- poems fm. our third world.

WEPEOPLE know water can roll down YOUR back in fat round drops and that YOU can get YOUR feet wet in it; that it patters on the roof and feels fine on YOUR face, and that mainly, all else aside, it's for splashing in and to drink

WEPEOPLE have to settle for swimming in it and such commonplace things because when we write it out on paper it stops being, and that scares -- well, I don't know about YOU -- that scares me; that much control I can do without, any day

(third time 'round)

thosepeople claim that words have names and patterns and groups (they have names for words that are names, and groups and patterns for -- let-ME-tell-YOU -- everything; and for the groups, names, for the patterns, names, and diagrams and tight little grids)

thosepeople know the order of things and the histories of things (though they rarely touch the things themselves) and they will tell YOU, sketching them out on flat-black-boards, that aren't even black; they know green's easier on YOUR eyes)

WEPEOPLE take words as symbols and treat them less respectfully (tossing them into the air, feeling that -- like an armful of kittens -- the live ones will land on their feet, and those WE'll keep, that the dead ones can be swept away)

WEPEOPLE like to think twice about what we feel reverence for (take life: that's something that WE don't hang back about; but take letters: I and i and f and e, they're to play with; and WE don't want any sanctimonious why-for's: case closed)

(one more time)

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED-----

Paul Hunter's Your House is on Fire and Your Children are Gone, only 50 cts. fm. Consumption, 4208 8th St. NE, Seattle Wash. 98105 ¶ Ian Hamilton Finlay's A Boatyard and Lanes, \$2 together fm. Wild Hawthorn Press, Stonypath, Dunsyre, Lanark, Scotland ¶ Charles Plymell's Neon Poems, \$1 fm. Atom Mind Publ., P.O. Box 827, Syracuse, N.Y. 13201 ¶ Carroll Arnett's Like a Wall, \$5 fm. Elizabeth Press, 103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N. Y. 10804

to thosepeople I once said a word I like the sound of: bayou
 (and thosepeople nodded at me -- very knowing -- and said:
 "ah yes, bayou: Amerindian origin, derived from the Choctaw
 bayuk, a minor river or branch of a delta, ah yes, yes ...")

to thosepeople (now) I say: "crick: sometimes-accepted pronunciation
 of creek, meaning something you can go jump in (and when you
 come out -- assuming you do -- tell me what it feels like
 in BIG, ROUND, ROLLING syllables and WIDE, WET WORDS ...")

and then, too (what do you think?), maybe WEPEOPLE will hand thosepeople
 a ten-cent stogy apiece and light 'em up for them (no-hard-feelings)
 and tell 'em WE know they're right too (meaning in addition to
 our being right) and that we don't grudge them their graphs

because WEPEOPLE can afford to be big about the whole business
 (we see things in three dimensions, even as they flatten out
 in the distance, where we like to look; and everything's
so high and so wide and so deep; WE feel that: let them know)

(tailgate)

I hope YOU're still with me, for I've got WEPEOPLE way out here
 (on a limb) and if YOU're going to cut out, I'm going to have
 one hell of a time calculating the best way to fall so as not
 to break my neck (and asking thosepeople would be ... well?)

if YOU stick with ME, it'll be the way it is with the kittens
 (if WE're alive WE'll land on our feet and WE can keep US,
 and if not, they'll be around to sweep US up: what the hell?)
 but (alone) i'm not so sure: (alone) I might call for help

-- Robert Hillebrand

Dousman, Wisconsin

RECOMMENDED-----

Lennart Bruce's Moments of Doubt, \$1.50 fm. Cloud Marauder,
 Box 4430, Berkeley, Calif. 94704 ♪ Ed Ochester's The Great
 Bourgeois Bus Co. & Other Poems, \$1 fm. Quixote, 25 South
 Charter, Madison, Wisc. 53715 ♪ Paul Weinman's My Sister's
 Underwear and Judith Anne Greenberg's Fire in August, each
 \$1.50 fm. Zeitgeist, Box 150, E. Lansing, Mich. 48823 ♪
 Carlos Lopez-Coles' Sawdust Sandwiches, 85 cts. fm. Lopez
 Publ., P.O. Box 2940 Stat. A, Champaign, Ill. 61820